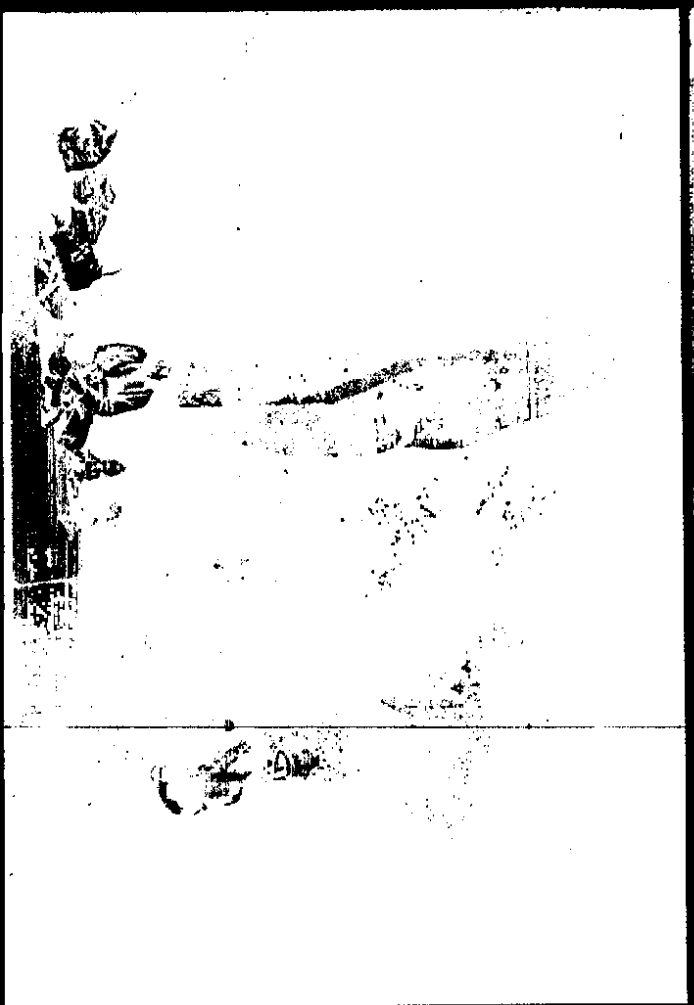
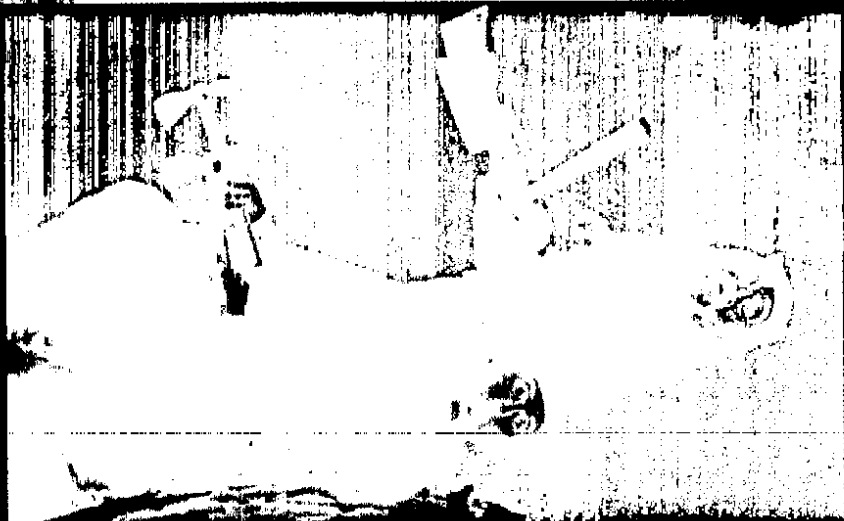


# The Next



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Corwyn Donahue

# Wave begins at BAM!



Here they come, the exciting and surprising, the flamboyant and inspiring, new ideas in the performing arts. You'll find them all, from the delightfully daffy to the powerfully poetic, at the Fourth Annual Next Wave Festival at BAM, America's oldest (and newest) center for the performing arts, the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It runs from October 7 through December 30.

In 16 programs by outstanding contemporary performers from around the world, BAM has created a feast for the senses and a preview of tomorrow in the newly-alive world of dance and theatre, music and multi-media — and in combinations of all of them that you never dreamed possible.

In a world that's changing as fast as ours, only the artists can keep up. That's our reason for sponsoring them, and yours for seeing them. In our business, as in yours, keeping up with the freshest, newest and most creative thinking is not an option; it's a necessity. And with the Next Wave Festival, it's also great fun. Maybe that's the best reason for calling BAM now at (718) 636-4100 and getting tickets to all 16 of these extraordinary treats. And if, as is likely, the world of the arts is wildly different tomorrow, at least we'll know where it all began — at BAM!



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Some of the performers appearing in the 1986 Next Wave Festival; pictured clockwise from upper left: Melissa Fenley and Dancers, photo by Chris Collis; The Flying Karamazov Brothers, photo by Paul Schraub; Eiko & Koma, photo by Philip Hupfeld; Joy Gilich and Ardal Bahrami in *The Impossible Theater*, photo by Erik Kudiseik.

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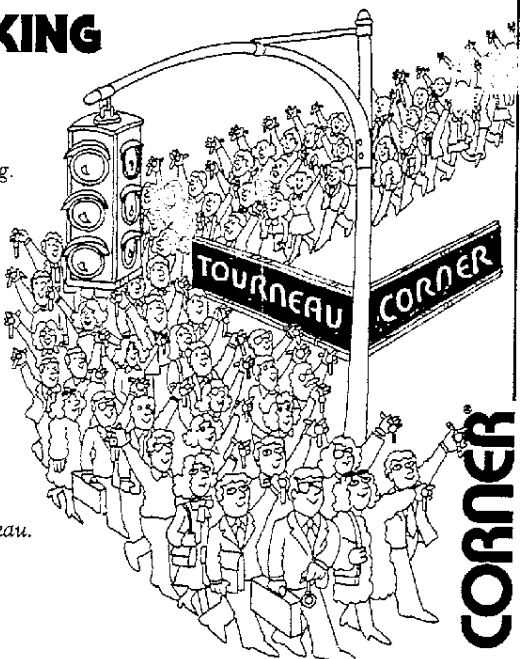
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## LETTERS

### Kramer and Co.

MICHAEL KRAMER'S SUPERB "ARE YOU Running With Me, Jesus?" [August 18] should be mandatory reading for anyone of voting age.

If Pat Robertson threw away a Modigliani print, his autobiography will truly be "a tale told by an idiot." A Modigliani would feed a lot of starving children. Robertson could even specify that they be evangelical Christians (wouldn't want to save any Jews, Buddhists, or Catholics).

I grew up in Oklahoma and watched my grandmother dutifully send her meager Social Security dollars to the Pat Robertson of her day. In her case, it was Oral Roberts. When I was eight, I went to one of his tent services and watched a woman "cough up a cancer." This feat was followed by the usual tossing aside of crutches and the instant lowering of blood pressures. Years later, I worked in Tulsa, a few blocks from the Roberts building. The wildest party I ever went to (at that time) was given by two of Roberts's employees in their home. At five o'clock, the lipstick went on and the beer came out. It was mild by today's standards, but was nevertheless a testament to the hypocrisy of the time.

That hypocrisy has not gone away; it has merely taken another form. Joseph Conrad, in *A Personal Record*, wrote that "all ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries or credulities of mankind." If Robertson is elected president, we will be getting what we deserve. And then God help us—because Pat Robertson won't.

Neal Thompson  
 Manhattan

A MAN WHO REFUSES TO REVEAL THE amount of money that he and his business take in; who, with a clear conscience, accepts funds that an elderly woman usually "spends on cancer medicine"; and who has advisers bigoted enough to believe that Jewish journalists can't write as well as Christian ones is a man who should never come close to occupying the Oval Office—his views on abortion and the SALT talks notwithstanding.

Karl Streips  
 Harrisburg, Ill.

WHEN I WROTE THE BEST-SELLING BOOK *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*, it

Letters for this department should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Please include a daytime phone number.